

A  
A  
00004  
164885



101 SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACULTY

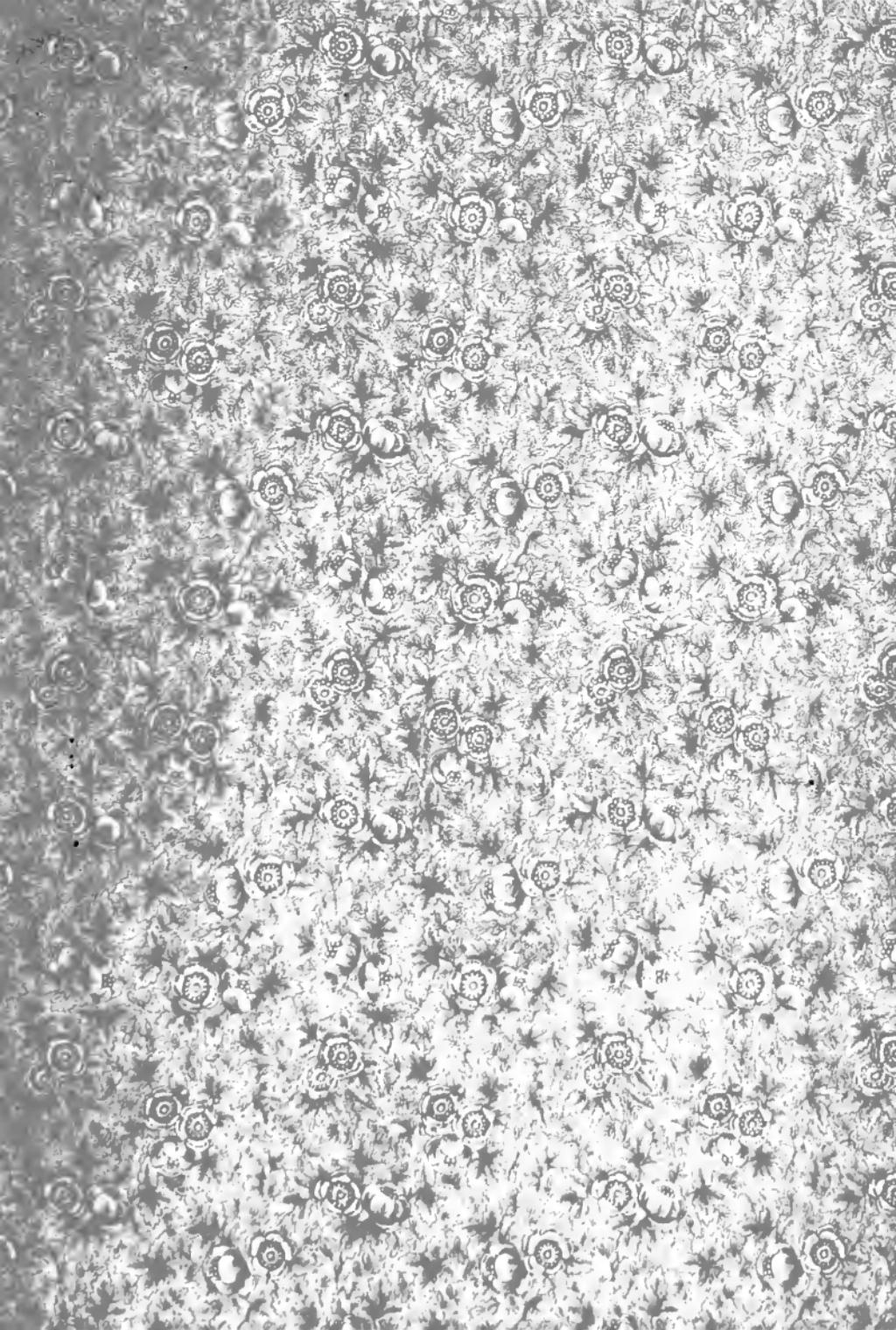




THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

GIFT OF

Gift U.C. Library





"T"

Xmas 94-

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/moreborrowings00ladi>

# MORE BORROWINGS

COMPILED BY LADIES OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN  
CHURCH OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA



SAN FRANCISCO  
C. A. MURDOCK & CO., PRINTERS  
1891

COPYRIGHTED 1891

BY

SARAH S. B. YULE AND MARY S. KEENE

PN  
6331  
011m  
1891

"Borrowings," a small volume issued Christmas '89, having met with so large a measure of favor, the compilers have been encouraged to offer a second volume, "More Borrowings," trusting that it will prove equally acceptable.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, 1891.

*The compilers acknowledge with thanks the courtesy of Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, DR. EDWARD W. EMERSON, MRS. E. R. SILL and others, in allowing the insertion of selections from works of which they own the copyright.*

THOUGH THOU HAVE TIME  
BUT FOR A LINE, BE THAT SUBLIME.

*—Lowell.*



IF INSTEAD OF A GEM, OR EVEN A FLOWER, WE  
COULD CAST THE GIFT OF A LOVELY THOUGHT INTO  
THE HEART OF A FRIEND, THAT WOULD BE GIVING  
AS THE ANGELS MUST GIVE. —*George Macdonald.*



When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose hours are cold and hard, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truth from heaven; I give eternal blessings for this gift, and thank God for books.

*—James Freeman Clarke.*

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Take care that the divinity within you has a creditable charge to preside over.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

If you want your neighbor to know what the Christ spirit will do for him, let him see what it has done for you.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I cannot reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.

—*Louisa May Alcott.*

“ Let us fill urns with rose-leaves in our May,  
And hive the thrifty sweetness for December.”

Hearts only thrive on varied good;  
And he who gathers from a host  
Of friendly hearts his daily food,  
Is the best friend that we can boast.

—*Holland.*

Like the bird be thou,  
That for a moment rests  
Upon the topmost bough:  
He feels the branch to bend  
And yet as sweetly sings,  
Knowing that he has wings.

—*Victor Hugo.*

I wonder did you ever count  
The value of one human fate;  
Or sum the infinite amount  
Of one heart's treasure, and the weight  
Of life's one venture, and the whole  
Concentrate purpose of a soul.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated?

—Thoreau.

In running their race, men of birth look back too much, which is the mark of a bad runner. —Bacon.

Infancy is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to paradise. —Emerson.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage, that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over.

—Emerson.

Doubt is not itself a crime. All manner of doubt, inquiry about all manner of objects, dwells in every reasonable mind. It is the mystic working of the mind on the object it is *getting* to know about.

—Carlyle.

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled—  
And in every "Oh, my father," slumbers deep a  
"Here, my child." —Tholuck.

The rest which does us all good, and enables us to do our work well, is the rest of the heart—the Sabbath of the soul. —James Freeman Clarke.

Earth captive held  
By winter, deems him a foe—  
That he can weld  
Such fetters; deep down below  
Her violets, close-celled  
Flutter to go.

Earth, when she 's free  
To bud and blow,  
And feel through every fiber of each tree  
The strength to grow,  
Will say, "'Twas Winter gave it me,'"  
And in the sunshine bless the snow.

—Alice Ward Bailey.

“ Could I find a word  
As pure as the rose,  
Half hid in the wayside  
Grass that grows,  
Nor aught of itself  
Intends or knows;  
That word is the word  
I would say.

“ Could I make a song  
As careless of art  
As the sparrow's trill  
That should seem a part  
Of my life, a blessing  
From my heart;—  
That song I would sing  
Thee to-day.”

FRIENDSHIP.

A ruddy drop of manly blood  
The surging sea outweighs;  
The world uncertain comes and goes;  
The lover rooted stays.  
I fancied he was fled,—  
And, after many a year,  
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,  
Like daily sunrise there.  
My careful heart was free again,  
O friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee alone the sky is arched,  
Through thee the rose is red;  
All things through thee take nobler form,  
And look beyond the earth,  
The mill-round of our fate appears  
A sun-path in thy worth.  
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair;  
The fountains of my hidden life  
Are through thy friendship fair.

— *Emerson.*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,  
The youth replies, *I can.* —Emerson.

We speak with awed tenderness of our guardian angels; but have we not all had our guiding angels, who came to us in visible form, and recognized or unknown, kept beside us on our difficult path until they had done for us all that they could?

—Lucy Larcom.

Seek not to pour the world into thy little mould,  
Each as its nature is, its being must unfold;  
Thou art but as a string in life's vast sounding-board,  
And other strings as sweet may not with thine accord.

—W. W. Story.

Associate reverently, and as much as you can, with  
your loftiest thoughts. —*Thoreau.*

You have not fulfilled every duty, unless you have  
fulfilled that of being pleasant. —*Charles Buxton.*

Reputation is in itself only a farthing candle, of  
wavering and uncertain flame, and easily blown out;  
but it is the light by which the world looks for and  
finds merit. —*Lowell.*

Give to a gracious message  
A host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.  
—*Shakespeare.*

Good intentions are, at least, the seed of good  
actions; and every one ought to sow them, and leave  
it to the soil and the seasons whether he or any other  
gather the fruit. —*Sir William Temple.*

"In bright or brighter places, wheresoever ye may  
roam—  
Ye look away from earth-land and ye murmur,  
‘Where is home?’  
Homeless hearts, God is home."

“If fortune, with a smiling face,  
    Strew roses in our way,  
When shall we stoop to pick them up?  
    To-day, my love, to-day.

“But should she frown with face of care,  
    And talk of coming sorrow,  
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?  
    To-morrow, oh, to-morrow.”

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA.

Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,  
With drowsy sun, and dreamy air,  
And new grass pointing out the way  
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

Has Time grown sleepy at his post,  
And let the exiled summer back,  
Or is it her regretful ghost,  
Or witchcraft of the almanac?

Before me, on the wide, warm bay,  
A million azure ripples run;  
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay  
Their shining lances to the sun.

A languor of deliciousness  
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;  
And in the blue heavens meet, and kiss,  
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

O wondrous gift, in goodness given,  
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,  
An earth so fair—so close to Heaven,  
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

No process is so fatal as that which would cast all men in one mould. Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do. Our common nature is to be unfolded in unbounded diversities. It is rich enough for infinite manifestations. It is to wear innumerable forms of beauty and glory. Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

—*Channing.*

We always weaken what we exaggerate.

—*La Harpe.*

He spoils his house and throws his pains away

Who, as the sun veers, builds his windows o'er,  
For should he wait, the light, some time of day,

Would come and sit beside him in his door.

—*Alice Cary.*

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of  
a mother's love fixed in permanent outline.

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

No man ever sank under the burden of the day.  
It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden  
of to-day, that the weight is more than a man can bear.

—*George Macdonald.*

Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly  
joyous,—a spirit all sunshine; graceful from very glad-  
ness, beautiful because bright. —*Carlyle.*

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like

A star new-born that drops into its place,

And which once circling in its placid round,

Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

—*Lowell.*

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Let no threat'ning ill appall thee,  
Trust in God what-e'er befall thee,  
Serve him with thy latest breath;  
Be thou faithful unto death!

Men may praise thee, men may jeer thee,  
Ever keep in sight to cheer thee  
What the heavenly Master saith,  
Be thou faithful unto death!

Let no loss or suff'ring rue thee,  
God at last will triumph through thee,  
Crown thee with the victor's wreath;  
Be thou faithful unto death!

*—Chas. W. Wendte.*

In the man whose childhood has known caresses  
there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched  
to gentle issues.

*—George Eliot.*

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. —*Emerson.*

The first condition of human goodness is some-  
thing to love; the second, something to reverence.

*—George Eliot.*

Lied is a rough phrase; say he fell from truth.

*—Browning.*

A broad margin of leisure is as beautiful in a man's  
life as in a book.

*—Thoreau.*

If we can say with Seneca, "This life is only a  
prelude to eternity," then we need not worry so much  
over the fittings and furnishings of this ante-room;  
and more than that, it will give dignity and purpose  
to the fleeting days to know they are linked with the  
eternal things as prelude and preparation.

*—Minot J. Savage.*

Jealousy is a secret avowal of inferiority.

—*Massillon.*

If I shoot at the sun, I may hit a star.

—*P. T. Barnum.*

The world is a school, and the business of its occupants, the pursuit of an education fitting them to graduate into the invisible university of God.

—*W. R. Alger.*

Who does not in some sort live to others, does not live much to himself.

—*Montaigne.*

Where much is given, much shall be required. There are never privileges to enjoy without corresponding duties to fulfil in return.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

We proudly say “we are equal.” In the largest sense before God we are, but in every other sense we are not. No two persons have the same gifts, the same tastes, the same habits. One must complement the other. It is a mutual life we lead in a mutual world.

—*Caroline Hazard.*

Man's rank is his power to uplift.

—*George Macdonald.*

I may not reach the heights I seek,  
My untried strength may fail me;  
Or, half-way up the mountain peak  
Fierce tempests may assail me;  
But though my goal I never see  
This thought shall always dwell with me—  
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,  
Despite my earnest labor;  
I may not grasp results that bless  
The efforts of my neighbor.  
But though life's dearest joy I miss  
There lies a nameless strength in this—  
I will be worthy of it.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

How fitting to have every day, in a vase of water on your table, the wild flowers of the season which are just blossoming. Can any house be said to be furnished without them? Shall we be so forward to pluck the fruits of Nature and neglect her flowers? These are surely her finest influences. So may the season suggest the thoughts it is fitted to suggest. . . . . Let me know what pictures Nature is painting, what poetry she is writing, what ode composing now.

—Thoreau.

DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,—  
A host of golden daffodils  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;—  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

—*Wordsworth.*

I hold it the duty of one who is gifted,  
And royally dowered in all men's sight,  
To know no rest till his life is lifted  
Fully up to the great gift's height.

Great gifts should be worn like a crown befitting,  
And not like gems on a beggar's hands;  
And the toil must be constant and unremitting  
That lifts up the king to the crown's demands.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

I am one who holds a treasure  
And a gem of wondrous cost;  
But I mar my heart's deep pleasure  
With the fear it may be lost.

Oh for some heavenly token,  
By which I may be sure  
The vase shall not be broken,  
Dispersed the essence pure.

Then spoke the angel of mothers  
To me in gentle tone,  
"Be kind to the children of others,  
And thus deserve thine own."

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

Children have more need of models than of critics.  
—*Joubert.*

That which is not for the interest of the whole  
swarm is not for the interest of a single bee.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

After every storm the sun will smile, for every  
problem there is a solution, and the soul's indefeasible  
duty is to be of good cheer. —*William R. Alger.*

At last to be identified!  
At last, the lamps upon thy side,  
    The rest of life to see!  
Past midnight, past the morning star!  
Past sunrise! Ah! what leagues there are  
    Between our feet and day!

—*Emily Dickinson.*

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to  
choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your  
faults; still less of others' faults. In every person who  
comes near you look for what is good and strong;  
honor that; rejoice in it; as you can, try to imitate it,  
and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when  
their time comes. —*Ruskin.*

Why make we moan  
For loss that doth enrich us yet  
With upward yearnings of regret.

—*Lowell.*

Oh world, as God has made it! All is beauty:  
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

—*Browning.*

Age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress;  
And, as the evening twilight fades away,  
The stars are seen by night, invisible by day.

—*Longfellow.*

To enjoy a thing exclusively is commonly to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it.

—*Thoreau.*

Belief in compensation, or, that nothing is got for nothing,—characterizes all valuable minds.

—*Emerson.*

Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day  
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.  
In months of sun so live that months of rain  
Shall still be happy.

—*Whittier.*

(Translation.)

AT CHRYSTEMASSE TYDE.

“Two sorrie Thyngeſ there be—  
Ay, three;

A Neste from which ye Fledglings have been taken,  
A Lambe forsaken,  
A redde leaf from ye Wilde Rose rudely shaken.

“Of gladde Thyngeſ there be more—  
Ay, four;

A Larke above ye olde Neste blythely singing,  
A Wilde Rose clinging  
In safety to a Rock: a Shepherde bringing  
A Lambe, found, in his armes, and Chrystemasse  
Bells a-riſing.”

I know there are voices I do not hear,  
And colors I do not see;  
I know that the world has numberless doors  
Of which I have not the key.

—*Minot J. Savage.*

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.

—*Shakespeare.*

What had the life of Jesus been to us, if we had only the records of his sermons, without the record of his going about doing good. —*Bishop Simpson.*

When I say that it was March, I need add nothing about the weather. —*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.*

Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

—*Emerson.*

“Medicine for the soul.”

—*Inscription over the door of the Library at Thebes.*

The virtue which we appreciate, we to some extent appropriate. —*Thoreau.*

“He who is always inquiring what people will say, will never give them opportunity to say anything great about him.”

A little learning is not a dangerous thing to one who does not mistake it for a great deal.

—*Blanco White.*

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it. —*Phillips Brooks.*

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.

—*Richter.*

The nimble lie  
Is like the second-hand upon a clock ;  
We see it fly, while the hour-hand of truth  
Seems to stand still ; and yet it moves unseen,  
And wins at last, for the clock will not strike  
Till it has reached the goal. —*Longfellow.*

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.

*— Thoreau.*

What we *like* determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

—*Ruskin.*

A noble deed is a step toward God.

—*J. G. Holland.*

A small drop of ink,  
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

—*Byron.*

The true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects he pursues.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Friends—those relations that one makes for one's self.

—*Deschamps.*

To have joy one must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

—*Byron.*

And where we love is home,  
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts.  
The chain may lengthen, but it never parts.

—*Holmes.*

Every day brings a ship,  
Every ship brings a word;  
Well for those who have no fear,  
Looking seaward well assured  
That the word the vessel brings  
Is the word they wish to hear.

—*Emerson.*

Would 'st shape a noble life? Then cast  
No backward glances toward the past,  
And though somewhat be lost and gone,  
Yet do thou act as one new-born;  
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,  
Each day will set its proper task. —*Goethe.*

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the King  
Sought some new sport to banish care,  
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;  
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

“These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

“The ill-timed truth we might have kept—  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

“Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;  
But for our blunders—oh, in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool  
That did his will; but, Thou, O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!”

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The King, and sought his gardens cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low,  
“Be merciful to me, a fool!”

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

Beware of despairing about yourself.

—*St. Augustine.*

The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age. —*Channing.*

Live pure, speak truth, right wrong,  
. . . . . Else wherefore born?

—*Tennyson.*

No wind serves him who has no destined port.

—*Montaigne.*

Who is dumb? He who does not know how to say kind things at the proper time. —*Hindu.*

“If you would have a happy family life, remember two things,—in matters of principle, stand like a rock; in matters of taste, swim with the current.”

If you were born to honor, show it now:  
If put upon you, make the judgment good  
That thought you worthy of it. —*Shakespeare.*

As in the silence of night the ear catches the least sound, so in the solitude of reflection the mind detects soft and delicate strains of thought, unheard in the bustle of the crowd. —*Prentice Mulford.*

Our high respect for a well read man is praise enough for literature. —*Emerson.*

Let nothing disturb thee;  
Nothing affright thee;  
All things are passing;  
God never changeth. —*Longfellow.*

(Santa Teresa's Book-Mark.)

The only hope of preserving what is best, lies in the practice of an immense charity, a wide tolerance, a sincere respect for opinions that are not ours.

—*Hamerton.*

“They that on glorious ancestry enlarge  
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.”

EACH AND ALL.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown  
Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;  
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that great Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;  
Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one ;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

—*Emerson.*

Home is everywhere to thee,  
Who canst thine own dwelling be.

—*Joseph Beaumont.*

In the sublimest flights of the soul, rectitude is never surmounted, love is never outgrown.

—*Emerson.*

Our to-days make our to-morrows, and our present lives determine the grade on which we must enter any next life.

—*Minot J. Savage.*

What man is there whom contact with a great soul will not exalt? A drop of water upon the petal of a lotus glistens with the splendors of the pearl.

—*Hindu.*

Of nothing can we be more sure than this: that, if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other.

—*Martineau.*

“To see the spider sit and spin  
Shut with her web of silver in,  
You'd never, never, never guess  
The way she gets her dinner.”

Some days must needs be full of gloom,  
Yet must we use them as we may;  
Talk less about the years to come,  
Give love, and labor more, to-day.

What our hand findeth, do with might;  
Ask less for help, but stand or fall,  
Each one of us in life's great fight,  
As if himself and God were all.

*—Alice Carr.*

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee; and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstacies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations!

*—Wordsworth.*

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for  
all I have not seen. *—Emerson.*

The most dangerous flattery is the inferiority of  
those who surround us. *—Madame Swetchine.*

Reverence the highest, have patience with the  
lowest. Are the stars too distant, pick up the pebble  
that lies at thy feet. *—Margaret Fuller.*

One adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists, one only:—an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, howe'er  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power;  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good.  
*—Wordsworth.*

Let the old life be covered by the new,  
The old past, so full of sad mistakes ;  
Let it be wholly hidden from the view  
By deeds as white and silent as snowflakes,  
Ere the earth life melt in the eternal spring.  
Let the white mantle of repentance fling  
Soft drapery about it, fold on fold,  
Even as the new snow covers up the old.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

A dewdrop, falling on the wild sea wave,  
Exclaimed in fear, “I perish in this grave !”  
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew  
Unto a pearl of marvelous beauty grew,  
And happy now the grace did magnify  
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die ;  
Until again, “I perish quite,” it said,  
Torn by a rude diver from its ocean bed.  
Oh, unbelieving ! so it came to gleam  
Chief jewel in a monarch’s diadem.

—*Persian—Trench.*

How soon a smile of God can change the world !  
How we are made for happiness ! —*Browning.*

Discharge aright  
The simple dues with which each day is rife,—  
Yea, with thy might.  
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise  
Will life be fled. —*Schiller.*

Earth seemed more sweet to live upon  
More full of love, because of him.  
—*Lowell.*

Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.  
—*Shakespeare.*

A man, he seems, of cheerful yesterdays,  
And confident to-morrows. —*Wordsworth.*

Get work :  
Be sure it is better than what you work to get.  
—*E. B. Browning.*

Culture implies all which gives a mind possession  
of its powers. —*Emerson.*

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it. —*Shakespeare.*

Eyes are not so common as poets would think, or  
poets would be plentier. —*Lowell.*

Error is none the better for being common, nor  
truth the worse for having lain neglected.

—*John Locke.*

Taking the first footstep with a good thought, the  
second with a good word, and the third with a good  
deed, I entered Paradise. —*Zoroaster.*

Life is too short to waste,

• • • • •  
'Twill soon be dark;  
Up! mind thine own aim, and  
God speed the mark! —*Emerson.*

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world.

—*Browning*.

“Ask God to give thee skill  
For comfort's art,  
That thou may'st consecrated be,  
And set apart  
Unto a life of sympathy!  
For heavy is the weight of ill  
For every heart,  
And comforters are needed much  
Of Christ-like touch.”

The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts. Here is the true secret of that fascination which belongs to intellectual pursuits, that they reveal to us a little more, and yet a little more, of the eternal order of the Universe, establishing us so firmly in what is known, that we acquire an unshakable confidence in the laws which govern what is not, and never can be, known.

*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

When we consider we are bound to be serviceable to mankind, and bear with their faults, we shall perceive there is a common tie of nature and relation between us.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.

—*Lowell.*

He who loves best his fellow-man  
Is loving God the holiest way he can.

—*Alice Cary.*

✓ Better be cold than assume to feel. In truth, nothing is so cold as an assumed, noisy enthusiasm. Its best emblem is the northern blast of winter, which freezes as it roars.

—*Channing.*

Ah, the key of our life, that passes all wards, opens all locks,  
Is not *I will*, but *I must, I must, I must*,—and I do it.

—*A. H. Clough.*

"To speak wisely may not always be easy, but not to speak ill requires only silence."

'Tis looking downward makes one dizzy.

—*Browning*.

Even in ordinary life, contact with nobler natures arouses the feeling of unused power and quickens the consciousness of responsibility. —*Canon Westcott*.

Every brave heart must treat society as a child, and never allow it to dictate. —*Emerson*.

Adversity is like the period of the former and latter rains,—cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from thence come the flower and the fruit, the date, the rose, and the pomegranate.

—*Sir Walter Scott*.

Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed . . .  
Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids not sit nor stand, but go!

Be our joys three parts pain!  
Strive and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never  
Grudge the throe.

—*Browning*.

If there is any person for whom you feel dislike,  
that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

—*R. Cecil.*

There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy around us.

—*Emerson.*

Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul.

—*Charles Buxton.*

It is not written, blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor, but he that *considereth* the poor. A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

—*Ruskin.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all. —*Coleridge.*

The finest qualities of our natures, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling.

—*Thoreau.*

MEMORY.

My mind lets go a thousand things,  
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,  
And yet recalls the very hour—  
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,  
And on the last blue noon of May—  
The wind came briskly up this way,  
Crisping the brook beside the road,  
Then pausing here, set down its load  
Of pine scents, and shook listlessly  
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

God will not mock the hope he giveth,  
No love he prompts shall vainly plead.

—Whittier.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil  
another.

—George Eliot.

Life is grand, and so are its environments of Past  
and Future. Would the face of nature be so serene  
and beautiful if man's destiny were not equally so?

—Thoreau.

Defer not charities till death; for certainly, if a  
man weigh it rightly, he that doeth so, is rather liberal  
of another man's than his own.

—Bacon.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the  
misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never  
come.

—Lowell.

Just because there's fallen  
A snow-flake on his forehead,  
He must go and fancy  
'Tis winter all the year? —T. B. Aldrich.

I expect to pass through this life but once. If therefore there is any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

*—Mrs. A. B. Hegeman.*

Build a little fence of trust around to-day,  
Fill the space with loving deeds and therein stay;  
Look not through the sheltering bars upon to-morrow,  
God will help thee bear what comes of joy, or sorrow.

*—Mary Frances Butts.*

- Could a greater miracle take place than for us to look through each other's eyes for an instant?

—Thorndike.

If God made poets for anything, it was to keep alive the traditions of the pure, the holy, and the beautiful.

—Lowell.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

—Bishop Hall.

I think that we should treat our minds as innocent and ingenuous children whose guardians we are, be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention.

—Thorndike.

Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad.

—Longfellow.

In a small chamber friendless and unseen,  
Toiled o'er his types one poor unlearned young  
man;  
The place was dark, ungarnished and mean;—  
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

—Lowell.

(Said of Garrison.)

Let us be such as help the life of the future.

—*Zoroaster.*

The rapidity with which the human mind lends itself to the standard around it gives us the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep.

—*Lowell.*

“Use Time well, and you will get from his hand more than he will take from yours.”

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If, when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no cleared vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.

—*Anna Warner.*

The fox condemns the trap, not himself.

—*William Blake.*

This is my youth,—its hopes and dreams,  
How strange and shadowy it all seems,

After these many years!

Turning the pages idly, so,

I look with smiles upon the woe,

Upon the joy with tears! —*Altfrid.*

Revelation of God to man must of necessity partake of the imperfections of the medium through which it comes. As pure water from heaven, falling upon and filtering through earth, must gather impurities in its course, differing in amount and kind according to the earth, even so the pure divine truth, filtering through man's mind, must take imperfections characteristic of the man and of the age. Such filtrate must be redistilled in the alembic of reason to separate the divine truth from the earthly impurities. —*Joseph Le Conte.*

Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful.  
Beauty is God's hand-writing. —*Kingsley.*

BEAUTY.

Then I said, "I covet truth;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;  
I leave it behind with the games of youth;"—  
As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club-moss burrs;  
I inhaled the violet's breath;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs;  
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;  
Over me soared the eternal sky,  
Full of light and of deity;  
Again I saw, again I heard,  
The rolling river, the morning bird;—  
Beauty through my senses stole;  
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

—*Emerson.*

A consideration of petty circumstances is the tomb  
of great things. —*Voltaire.*

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth a man's  
mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth  
men's minds about to religion. —*Bacon.*

Life means, be sure,  
Both heart and head,—both active, both complete,—  
And both in earnest. —*E. B. Browning.*

When we climb to heaven 'tis on the rounds of love  
to men. —*Whittier.*

The tenderness that apologizes for wickedness is  
the worst form of cruelty. —*Channing.*

They that can walk at will where the works of the  
Lord are reveal'd  
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out  
of the field;  
Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can  
know of the spring,  
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of  
an angel's wing. —*Tennyson.*

(In the Children's Hospital.)

One learns more metaphysics from a single temptation than from all the philosophers. —*Lowell.*

'Tis not what a man does which exalts him; but what a man would do! —*Browning.*

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity. —*Thoreau.*

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other? —*George Eliot.*

Even when the bird walks we see that he has wings. —*Lemoine.*

Death knits as well as parts. —*Lowell.*

Our times are in His hand,  
Who saith, "A whole I planned,"  
Youth shows but half; trust  
God, see all, nor be afraid. —*Browning.*

"The lie of an action is greater than the lie of a word."

Ah, why should we wear black for the guests of  
God? *—Ruskin.*

The blessed work of helping the world forward,  
happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.

*—George Eliot.*

Silk comes from a worm, gold from rock, the lotus  
from mud. . . . He who has superior qualities be-  
comes distinguished through their development and  
expression. What signifies noble birth? *—Hindu.*

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place,  
as if you meant to spend your life there, never omit-  
ting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking  
a true word, or making a friend. *—Ruskin.*

I would say to all: use your gentlest voice at home.  
Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price; for it  
will be worth more to you in days to come than the  
best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a  
lark's song, to a hearth at home. Train it to sweet  
tones now and it will keep in tune through life.

*—Elihu Burritt.*

“Make of your grief a pedestal on which to stand.”

And for the things I see  
I trust the things to be. —*Whittier.*

Whenever you are angry, be assured that it is not only a present evil, but that you have increased a habit. —*Epictetus.*

Receive your thoughts as guests, but treat your desires as children. —*Chinese.*

The profit of a book is according to the sensibility of the reader. The profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine, until an equal mind and heart finds and publishes it. —*Emerson.*

The cry of the age is more for fraternity than for charity. If one exists the other will follow, or better still, will not be needed. —*Henry D. Chapin.*

I believe that the mind can be profaned by the habit of attending to trivial things, so that all our thoughts shall be tinged with triviality. —*Thoreau.*

There is only one real failure possible; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows. —*Canon Farrar.*

No man is a hero to his valet. This is not because the hero is no hero, but because the valet is a valet. —*Hegel.*

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn. —*Emerson.*

The truest self-respect is not to think of self. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt. —*Shakespeare.*

Do not talk about the lantern that holds the lamp; but make haste, uncover the light, and let it shine. —*George Macdonald.*

LIGHT.

All love thee, but none can express thee,  
Or pierce to the core of thy heart ;  
The poet in dreams may half guess thee,  
-And faintly divine what thou art :  
But the song that would sing thee is broken,  
The lips quiver once and are still,  
And thy mystery, ever unspoken,  
Is left for the future to fill.

—*June Sheldon Combs.*

Unfaithfulness in the keeping of an appointment is an act of clear dishonesty. You may as well borrow a person's money as his time. —*Horace Mann.*

Common sense, in an uncommon degree, is what the world calls wisdom. —*Coleridge.*

The great thing in the world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.

—*Holmes.*

What an antiseptic is a pure life! —*Lowell.*

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. —*Charles Dickens.*

When the sun rises, I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying,—“Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty.” —*William Blake.*

The greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of his other children.

—*Henry Drummond.*

Nothing is so strong as gentleness,  
Nothing so gentle as real strength.  
—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Science keeps down the weed of superstition, not  
by logic, but by rendering the mental soil unfit for its  
cultivation.  
—*Tyndall.*

The beauty of work depends upon the way we meet  
it,—whether we arm ourselves each morning to attack  
it as an enemy that must be vanquished before night  
comes, or whether we open our eyes with the sunrise  
to welcome it as an approaching friend who will keep  
us delightful company all day, and who will make us  
feel at evening that the day was well worth its fatigues.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

“For no one doth know  
What he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and beauty may after him go;  
Thus onward we move,  
And, save God above,  
None guesseth how wondrous the journey may prove.”

Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

—*Shakespeare.*

The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him—all theories.

—*Ruskin.*

What if it does look likely to rain, it is fine now!

—*William Smith.*

God is ever drawing like toward like, and making them acquainted.

—*Homer.*

If I had but two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy hyacinths, for they would feed my soul.

—*Koran.*

I always seek the good that is in people and leave the bad to Him who made mankind and knows how to round off the corners.

—*Goethe's Mother.*

The prosperity of a nation depends upon the health and morals of its citizens, and the health and morals of a people depend mainly upon the food they eat and the houses they live in. The time has come when we must have a science of domestic economy, and it must be worked out in the homes of our educated women. A knowledge of the elements of chemistry and physics must be applied to the daily living.

—*Ellen H. Richards.*

I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparingly and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the universe.

—Emerson.

Is he dead whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high?  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

*—Campbell*

Three things return not, e'en for prayers and tears—  
The arrow which the archer shoots at will;  
The spoken word, keen-edged and sharp to sting;  
The opportunity left unimproved.  
If thou would'st speak a word of loving cheer,  
Oh, speak it now. This moment is thine own.

*—Nellie M. Richardson.*

Music to the mind is as air to the body.

—*Plato.*

“The highest mounted mind,” he said,

“Still sees the sacred morning spread,

The silent summit overhead.” —*Tennyson.*

We lose vigor through thinking continually the same set of thoughts. New thought is new life.

—*Prentice Mulford.*

Our life is always deeper than we know, is always more divine than it seems, and hence we are able to survive degradations and despairs which otherwise must engulf us.

—*Henry James.*

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,

Not one, as he sits on the tree;

The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!

Such as I wish it to be.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

It is only to the finest natures that age gives an added beauty and distinction; for the most persistent self has then worked its way to the surface, having modified the expression, and to some extent, the features, to its own likeness.

—*Mathilde Blind.*

The best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury.  
—*Marcus Aurelius.*

It is never too late to give up our prejudices.  
—*Thoreau.*

Fate is unpenetrated causes.  
—*Emerson.*

There has never been a great or beautiful character which has not become so by filling well the ordinary and smaller offices appointed by God.

—*Horace Bushnell.*

“It heeds not whence begins our thinking,  
If to the end its flight is high.”

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome.  
—*Dr. Johnson.*

To find his place and fill it is success for a man.  
—*Phillips Brooks.*

I pack my troubles in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.  
—*Southern.*

“Those who fail in life are very apt to assume that every one except themselves has had a hand in their misfortunes.”

“ He serves his country best  
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,  
And walks straight paths, however others stray;  
And leaves his sons an uttermost bequest,  
A stainless record which all men may read:  
This is the better way.

“ No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,  
No dew but has an errand to some flower,  
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray;  
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,  
Makes the firm bulwark of the country’s power:  
There is no better way.”

“Flowers are the beautiful hieroglyphics of Nature with which she indicates how much she loves us.”

He who will not answer to the rudder, must answer to the rocks.

—Hervé.

Teach by your lives.

—Bonar.

Who waits until the winds shall silent keep,  
Will never have the ready hour to sow;  
Who watcheth clouds will have no time to reap.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.

—Spurgeon.

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

—E. B. Browning.

“Live blameless; God is near.”

—Inscribed over the door of the house of Linnæus,  
at Hammarby, Sweden.

I beg you take courage; the brave soul can mend even disaster.

—*Catherine of Russia.*

Enthusiasm: The sense of this word among the Greeks affords the noblest definition of it, namely, "God in us."

—*Mme. de Staél.*

Treat your friends for what you know them to be. Regard no surfaces. Consider not what they did, but what they intended.

—*Thoreau.*

Better make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

—*Holmes.*

The healing of the world  
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star  
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars  
Break up the night, and make it beautiful.

—*E. B. Browning.*

Courage, Sir,  
That makes a man or woman look their goodliest.

—*Tennyson.*

I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intently; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within  
Were heard,—sonorous cadences! whereby  
To his belief, the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith.

—*Wordsworth.*

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance.

—*Carlyle.*

Anxiety is good for nothing, if we cannot turn it into a defense.

—*George Eliot.*

To hate a man for his errors is as unwise as to hate one who, in casting up an account, has made an error against himself.

—*Robertson.*

Tell them, dear, if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

—*Emerson.*

Deep streams run still—and why? Not because there are no obstacles, but because they altogether overflow those stones or rocks round which the shallow stream has to make its noisy way. —*William Smith.*

“Cold and reserved natures should remember that though not unfrequently flowers may be found beneath the snow, it is chilly work to dig for them, and few care to take the trouble.”

Still seems it strange that thou should'st live forever?  
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?

—Young.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

What if some morning, when the stars were paling,  
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,  
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence  
Of a benignant Spirit standing near :

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,  
“This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair;  
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow  
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:

“There is blest living here, loving and serving,  
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;  
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—  
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!”

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,  
And freshened in the elm the Summer’s breath,  
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel  
And take my hand and say, “My name is Death.”

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

THE POET'S PRAYER.

If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee;  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant;  
Let me find in Thy employ,  
Peace that dearer is than joy;  
Out of self to love be led,  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Waste no tears  
Upon the blotted record of lost years,  
But turn the leaf, and smile, oh, smile, to see  
The fair white pages that remain for thee.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Each has his features, whose exterior seal  
A brush may copy or a sunbeam steal;  
Go to his study, on the nearest shelf  
Stands the mosaic portrait of himself.

—*Holmes.*

Nothing new can be said about a New Year. It is the time to take account of the old, repent of our sins, carry mistakes to profit and loss, and transform their crude ore to golden wisdom. It brings little that is new beside itself, and we only exchange the irretrievable past for the hopeful future, the dead certainty for the living uncertainty. The conquests of intelligence have not perceptibly reduced the area of the unknown. The guides of life are not demonstrations, but opinions, judgments, probabilities and faith. New contingencies arise with new discoveries, and every new fact has a group of new unfixed circumstances. The future event is as uncertain to-day as it ever was. The only certainty is principle; as new as to-day, and as old as the universe.

*—Horatio Stebbins.*

If I cannot realize my Ideal, I can at least idealize my Real.

—*W. C. Gannett.*

“Beware of the common error; let self-reliance be the rule, and reliance on others the exception.”

“For right too rigid hardens into wrong.”

We are too busy, too encumbered, too much occupied, too active! We read too much! The one thing needful is to throw off all one's load of cares, and to become again young, living happily and gracefully in the present hour. We must know how to put occupation aside, which does not mean that we must be idle.

—*Translation—Mrs. Humphrey Ward.*

Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light;  
It is daybreak everywhere.

—*Longfellow.*

(Last words from his pen.)

Every evil thought or deed has sentence against it speedily executed in the character.

—*Marion D. Shutter.*

SOMETIME.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forever more have set,  
The thing which our weak judgments here have  
spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue ;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart,  
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall clearly see and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

*—M. R. Smith.*

Think when our one soul understands  
The great word which makes all things new,  
When earth breaks up, and heaven expands,  
How will the change strike me and you  
In the house not made with hands? —*Browning.*

Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,—  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter I or they,  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made.

—*Whittier.*

God's goodness hath been great to thee;  
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

—*Shakespeare.*

I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter turn to spring.

—Tennyson.

When in the mid-day march we meet  
The outstretched shadows of the night,  
The promise, how divinely sweet,  
“At even-time it shall be light.”

—Alice Cary.

Take these thoughts with you for the year; go down into the valley with your brothers, and work them out in life.

*—Stopford A. Brooke.*



## INDEX OF POEMS.

EARTH CAPTIVE HELD . . . . .	<i>Alice Ward Bailey</i>	13
FRIENDSHIP . . . . .	<i>Emerson</i>	15
IF FORTUNE WITH A SMILING FACE	<i>Anon.</i>	18
CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA . . . . .	<i>E. R. Sill</i>	19
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH . . . . .	<i>Chas. W. Wendell</i>	22
I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT . . . . .	<i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	25
DAFFODILS . . . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i>	27
AT CHRYSTEMASSE TYDE . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	31
THE FOOL'S PRAYER . . . . .	<i>E. R. Sill</i>	37
EACH AND ALL . . . . .	<i>Emerson</i>	41
NATURE NEVER DID BETRAY . . . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i>	44
A DEW DROP . . . . .	<i>Trench</i>	46
MEMORY . . . . .	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>	54
BEAUTY . . . . .	<i>Emerson</i>	61
LIGHT . . . . .	<i>Anne S. Coombs</i>	67
HE SERVES HIS COUNTRY BEST . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	75
FROM "THE EXCURSION" . . . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i>	78
A MORNING THOUGHT . . . . .	<i>E. R. Sill</i>	81
A POET'S PRAYER . . . . .	<i>Whittier</i>	82
SOMETIME . . . . .	<i>M. R. Smith</i>	86



## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Alcott, Louisa May, 10.  
Alger, W. R., 24, 29.  
Augustine St., 39.  
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 54, 55,  
58.  
Beecher, Henry Ward, 10, 66.  
Bacon, 12, 55, 62.  
Bailey, Alice Ward, 13.  
Buxton, Charles, 17, 53.  
Browning, 23, 30, 47, 49, 52, 63, 87.  
Barnum, P. T., 24.  
Brooks, Phillips, 24, 33, 74.  
Byron, 35.  
Beaumont, Joseph, 42.  
Browning, E. B., 47, 52, 63, 76, 77.  
Blake, Wm., 58, 68.  
Burritt, Elihu, 64.  
Blind, Mathilde, 73.  
Bushnell, Horace, 74.  
Bonar, 76.  
Brooke, Stopford A., 84.  
Butts, Mary Frances, 56.  
Coleridge, 53, 68.  
Campbell, 72.  
Catherine of Russia, 77.  
Clarke, James Freeman, 9, 12.  
Carlyle, 12, 21, 79.  
Channing, 20, 39, 51, 62.  
Cary, Alice, 21, 43, 51, 88.  
Clough, A. H., 51.  
Cecil, R., 53.  
Chinese, 65.  
Chapin, Henry D., 65.  
Coombs, Anne S., 67.  
Dickinson, Emily, 29.  
Deschamps, 35.  
Dickens, Charles, 68.  
Drummond, Henry, 68.  
Emerson, 12, 15, 16, 23, 30, 32, 36,  
39, 40, 41, 42, 45, 48, 52, 53, 61,  
65, 66, 71, 74, 79.  
Eliot, Geo., 23, 55, 63, 64, 79.  
Epictetus, 65.  
Fuller, Margaret, 45.  
Farrar, Canon, 66.  
Goethe, 36.  
Goethe's Mother, 70.  
Gannett, W. C., 85.  
Hugo, Victor, 11.  
Harpe, La., 21.  
Higginson, Thomas W., 21.

Hazard, Caroline, 24.  
 Howe, Julia Ward, 28.  
 Holland, J. G., 10, 35.  
 Holmes, 35, 68, 77, 83.  
 Hindu, 39, 42, 64.  
 Hamerton, 40, 50.  
 Hegeman, Mrs. A. B., 56.  
 Hall, Bishop, 57.  
 Hegel, 66.  
 Homer, 70.  
 Herve, 76.  
 Ingelow, Jean, 73.  
 Joubert, 29.  
 James, Henry, 73.  
 Johnson, Dr., 74.  
 Jackson, Helen Hunt, 76.  
 Kingsley, 60.  
 Koran, 70.  
 Lowell, 5, 17, 21, 30, 47, 48, 51, 55,  
     57, 58, 63, 68.  
 Larcom, Lucy, 16, 69.  
 La Harpe, 21.  
 Longfellow, 30, 33, 40, 57, 85.  
 Locke, John, 48.  
 Le Conte, Joseph, 59.  
 Lemoine, 63.  
 Linnaeus, 76.  
 Macdonald, 7, 21, 24, 66.  
 Marcus Aurelius, 10, 29, 35, 51,  
     74.  
 Massillon, 24.  
 Montaigne, 24, 39.  
 Mulford, Prentice, 40, 73.  
 Martineau, 42.  
 Mann, Horace, 68.  
 Moulton, Louisa Chandler, 46.  
 Procter, Adelaide A., 11.  
 Plato, 73.  
 Ruskin, John, 29, 35, 53, 64, 70.  
 Richter, Jean Paul, 33.  
 Richards, Ellen H., 70.  
 Richardson, Nellie M., 72.  
 Robertson, 79.  
 Sidney, Sir Philip, 10.  
 Story, W. W., 16.  
 Shakespeare, 17, 32, 40, 47, 48,  
     66, 69, 87.  
 Sill, Edward Rowland, 19, 37,  
     81.  
 Savage, Minot J., 23, 32, 42.  
 Simpson, Bishop, 32.  
 Swetchine, Madame, 45.  
 Schiller, 47.  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 52.  
 Sales, St. Francis de, 69, 77.  
 Stael, Madame de, 77.  
 Smith, Wm., 70, 79.  
 Southey, 74.  
 Spurgeon, 76.  
 Shutter, Marion D., 85.  
 Smith, M. R., 86.  
 Stebbins, Horatio, 84.  
 Thoreau, 12, 17, 23, 26, 30, 33, 34,  
     , 53, 55, 57, 63, 66, 74, 77.  
 Tholuck, 12.

Temple, Sir William, 17.  
Trench, 46.  
Tennyson, 39, 62, 73, 77, 88.  
Tyndall, 69.  
Voltaire, 62.  
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler, 25, 28, 83.  
Wordsworth, 27, 44, 45, 47, 78.  
Whittier, 30, 37, 55, 62, 65, 82,  
87.

Ward, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,  
32.  
White, Blanco, 33.  
Westcott, Canon, 52.  
Warner, Anna, 58.  
Ward, Mrs. Humphrey, 85.  
Wendte, Chas. W., 22.  
Young, 80.  
Zoroaster, 48, 58.









UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-42m-8, '49 (B5578) 444

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA 000 416 488 5**

PN  
6331  
011m  
1891

